

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

WHAT MY LITTLE BOY TAUGHT ME.

"Tommy, come to mamma."

A sullen little face, with scowling brow and pouting lips, appeared at the door.

"Why, what is the matter, dear?"

"I know I've got to stay in bed all day."

And with the words Tommy jerked off his jacket and kicked one boot across the chamber floor.

"What naughty thing have you been doing?"

"Spoiling the calla lily."

The words, tone and manner of the little boy of six years were so hard and defiant that a vague feeling of alarm seized me, and I said, gently:

"Come here, my poor little laddie, and go into mamma's bed. You look very cold."

The downcast eyes were lifted in a strange, glad surprise, and the remaining garments were laid aside softly. Slowly, shyly and questioningly the little fellow crept into bed and lay quite still.

"Now, Tommy, tell mamma all about it."

"I only just pinched the littlest whitest leaf. I wanted to see what it was rolled up so tight for. There's ever so many more."

"Yes, Tommy, but no more like this one. All the years you have seen these little rolls unfold into drowsy, green leaves; but this one, one, Tommy, this white one—was a bud. If you had watched without touching it you would have seen it grow larger and lighter in color, until some bright morning you would have run down stairs to shout and clap your hands over the most beautiful flowers you ever beheld. It would have looked up lovingly into your face from its heart of gold, and its pure velvet lips would have smiled upon you for letting it live and bloom. I am so sorry you hurt the dear little bud, that now can never be a flower."

"Can't it be mended, mamma?"

"No, dear."

"You mended a cup I broke."

"Yes, darling, a broken china cup may be made whole again, but a sweet little bud, waiting to become a rich, golden flower, pinched and torn by cruel fingers, can never be restored."

"And cannot God restore it, mamma?"

The penitence, pathos and despair of the child's face were indescribable. I drew the little form to my breast in silent awe.

"I'm almost as bad as Cain, mamma," he said, sobbing heavily.

"How is that, dear?"

"I've killed something. But, mamma, I didn't mean to, truly. I didn't know I was hurting the little bud. I'll never touch a plant again—only look at it, mamma, and love it, and wait for the morning when it'll be a great, beautiful flower."

Precious little teacher! What a lesson for mothers! In the hurry and worry of this toiling world are we not in momentary danger, as we walk in the gardens of our homes, of pinching, if not killing, something?

## A REMARKABLE BOY.

One of the most remarkable pupils that has ever attended the Catholic Deaf Mute Asylum of Le Couteux at Buffalo, N. Y., as we learn from the Le Couteux Leader, has just left the school to go to his home in Chicago. The boy whose name is John Clarence Selby, entered the institution blind and deaf. He was also losing the power of speech.

To the Sisters it is a common task to develop the minds of those who have been born deaf and dumb, but it is done largely through the agency of the sight. The slow and tedious work of teaching them to speak was a matter of ease compared with the work of enlightening this lad, and it took years of untiring effort to bring about the condition in which he is at present.

By patient and repeated effort he was finally taught to recognize raised letters of the alphabet by touch, and then a glove was made for him on which raised letters were placed and he familiarized himself with the location of the letters on the glove, so that the Sister could communicate rapidly to him by spelling out the words on the glove.

The only study that he has been unable to master is arithmetic. In this he is somewhat deficient but at the last commencement at Le Couteux he received a silver medal for proficiency in his studies.

During the summer he will attend the

World's Fair and it is safe to say that, notwithstanding his infirmities, no one will take more pleasure in visiting it than he.

## DOMESTIC READING.

I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love—Hosier xi 4.

If you are sad it is almost always caused by thinking about yourself.

He who seeks peace or consolation outside of the Creator will never find ill.

Despise the world, despise no one; despise self, despise being despised by others.

A Russian proverb says: "The devil lies hidden where the water is stillest."

Youth lingers much longer than those who are still young have the slightest notion.

Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index to a happy mind and a pure, good heart.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey towards it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

Melancholy disturbs the mind, cheerfulness strengthens the heart and makes us persevere in a good life.

We must guard, against little fancies, for he who despises them will soon harden his conscience and go to ruin.

## Tails of Animals for Winter Wear.

A good deal of uncertainty seems to prevail as to the likely supply of seal skins, but a recent feature in the fur trade, says an English paper is the liberal resort to the use of tails of animals, which at one time were regarded as being of very second-rate importance. The most urgent demand for tails would appear to be in the instance of ermine. But the point only, being jet black; is inserted, after the well-known fact of their introduction, at intervals—in reality, the ermine trimmings of the sovereign and royal family not actually consisting of the tail of the ermine, but of the black Astrakhan lamb or other suitable black fur. Squirrel tails are, however, largely used, and one or two millions of these find their way annually into the market, as well as martens' tails, which really make a beautiful fur. The musquash tail is also a large article of commerce, the musquash tail itself being perhaps the best natural low-priced fur that finds its way into our market and far superior in point of wear to the dyed rabbit skins that are sold in black and brown lustered goods familiar to the trade.

## A Sad Accident.

We regret to be called upon this week to record a very sad accident which took place on Tuesday August the fifteenth. A young lad, Peter J. Fanning, aged seventeen years and one day, the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Fanning, an esteemed and worthy citizen of Alnwick township, was killed by being thrown from a load of grain. Mr. Fanning resides two miles and a half north of Burnley, and in all the country around is a most popular and highly respected citizen. The sad event has cast a deep gloom upon the family, a gloom that extends to all the community. The young boy had just celebrated his seventeenth birthday, and was entering upon a life full of promise. The TRUE WITNESS heartily sympathizes with the bereaved family.

How sad to our hearts are some scenes of childhood.

As our recollections present them to view;

The use of the switch that was brought from the wildwood,

And various punishments most of us knew.

But saddest of all is the thought of the pill-box.

That mother brought out when she thought we were ill,

O! the gripping, the aching, the twisting and torment

Wrapped up in the horrible old-fashioned pill.

But that's all done away with. To regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, Dr. Pierce's Pellets excel. You'll experience no pain, no discomfort; no bad results. Children take them as readily as peppermint drops.

Its thousands of cures are the best advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents; by druggists.

## BISHOP NULTY

On the Depopulation of Meath.

BISHOP NULTY, of Meath was presented with an address by the people of Drogheda. Referring to the complimentary terms in which his patriotism was spoken of, he said:—

"My patriotism was forced upon me. I was but a very young priest at the time when I saw the most cruel evictions, wholesale depopulation of my people, swept from the homes in which they were born, their houses levelled to the ground. This ruthless depopulation of my native country—for I am a Meath man—continued. You can conceive the extent of the depopulation of the county alone from the simple fact that we are at the present moment from 110,000 to 115,000 less in population in Meath than we were forty years ago. The people were swept from the land of their fathers; strangers have come in and appropriated their lands, and the fertile plains of Meath that afforded nourishment and support to a teeming population of honest, hard-working, laborious men, are now occupied by cattle. I saw this was most unjust, and it was this spectacle that made of me a patriot. The only means of subsistence that is provided for us is by the land, and every human being, therefore, that the Almighty has brought into the world has a right to the land, and by his toil and labor to take out of it the means of subsistence. That right comes therefore from God. God could not withhold it. Every man has the right of access to it. If you deprive any individual of the right of drawing his subsistence from the land you condemn him to starvation. That is exactly the position that has been taken, that is the injustice that has been committed against the whole community by a class in this country—a class of men who, without any authority from man, except from themselves, seized upon the land and seized upon the means of subsistence of the community, and will not allow you free access to the land except at their bidding. Therefore, I say that that system of landlordism is essentially unjust and unfair. It is a violation of the rights of every individual. Therefore, it is a system that ought to be abolished and that will be abolished sooner or later."

## HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

## A NEW STYLE SHOE.

A new style of shoe for women, and one bearing a fanciful trade name, is a high cut with a buttoned strap fastening. It is made of steel-gray suede, with low vamp and scanty back-piece of patent leather. Suede seems to be popular yet, and, like oozie calf, appears to best advantage in quite low foxings of patent leather, by which means less of the soft, dainty-colored material is concealed. The low, oval, back-piece is much used in fancy shoes, in place of the regular full-height quarter, and produces a pretty effect.

## HOW CHILDREN ARE SPOILED.

The girl that is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her and put on her, till she is 10, 12, 15, or 18 years of age is spoiled. The mother has spoiled her by doing everything for her. The true idea of self-restraint is to let the child venture. A child's mistakes are often better than his no-mistakes; because when a child makes mistakes, and has to correct them, it is on the way towards knowing something. A child that is waked up every morning and never wakes himself, and is dressed and never makes mistakes about being clean, and is fed and never has anything to do with his food, and is watched and never watches himself, and is cared for and kept all day long from doing wrong—such a child might as well be a tallow candle; perfect, straight and solid, and comely, and unvital, and good for nothing but to be burned up.

## ONE'S HAPPIEST YEARS.

The happiest years are those when self is entirely forgotten. Those when we strive with heart and soul to create happiness for those around us, sacrificing our own pleasure for others, giving a kind word when, perhaps, an angry retort is our first impulse, and doing what we can to lighten the burden of some less fortunate person than ourselves.

## NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

This is a disease from which women suffer desperately. Put into plain English, diagnosed, as it were, it means a horrible sort of depression, a sensation as if something were going to happen—a physical feeling as if one would sink through the earth. A prominent physician says that half the cases of nervous prostration, dyspepsia and insomnia that come to him for treatment are to be directly traced to an inactive liver.

## FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

The Journal of Chemistry gives the following as an infallible vermin exterminator: "Dissolve two pounds of alum in three or four quarts of boiling water; then apply it with a brush, while boiling hot, to every joint or crevice in the cupboards where ants and cockroaches congregate, to all the pantry shelves and to the joints and crevices of the bedsteads. Brush all the cracks in the kitchen floor and in the baseboards with this mixture. A cement of chloride of lime and alum, is used to stop rat holes, and the walls and cracks and corners washed with hot alum, with borax added, will drive away rats and mice as well as insects."

He who continues in anger, strife and revenge breathes the air of hell.

# "She Looketh Well"

to the ways of her household." Yes, Solomon is right; that's what the good housekeeper everywhere does, but particularly in Canada.

But her ways are not always old ways. In fact she has discarded many unsatisfactory old ways. For instance, to-day she is using



the New Shortening, instead of lard. And this is in itself a reason why "she looketh well" in another sense, for she eats no lard to cause poor digestion and a worse complexion.

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